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CALLAN

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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

"CALLAN"

"THE RUNNING DOG"
(WORKING TITLE)

PROD.NO.1922.
VTR/ABC/7528

by
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CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
HOLDER
FELICE
HENRY
LONELY
LAO TSUNG
FO MAN

EXTRAS, INCLUDING SOME CHINESE

SETS

HUNTER OFFICE (BASIC)
CALLAN FLAT "
CHINESE EMBASSY ROOM
CAFE
HOLDER OFFICE (COMP. OF INNER AND OUTER)

FILM

FRONT OF CHINESE EMBASSY
RUBBISH DUMP OR WASTE LAND AREA
NIGHT STREET OUTSIDE CAFE
REAR OF EMBASSY WITH LOW ROOF.

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1. FILM/HUNTER MONITOR. EXT. CHINESE EMBASSY. DAY.

THE FILM HAS BEEN TAKEN WITH A HAND HELD CAMERA. IT IS FOCUSSED ON THE FRONT STEPS OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY, WHERE STAND FOUR CHINESE IN BOILER SUITS. THREE OF THEM ARE HOLDING UP RED BOOKS AND GESTURING TO THE PAGES, AND ONE, NEAR CENTRE, IS CHANTING READINGS FROM IT. THERE IS NO SOUND, BUT WE HEAR HUNTER CLEAR HIS THROAT.

HUNTER: (OOV) Their bible, you see.

MERES: (OOV) Readings from the Red Book.

PAUSE.

CALLAN: (OOV) I'll stick to Sunday School.

FILM RUNS ON FOR A MOMENT, THEN BEGINS TO JOGGLE AS ITS HOLDER MOVES BACK TO WIDEN FIELD OF SHOT. IT NOW INCLUDES ENGLISH PEOPLE STANDING IN FRONT OF THE EMBASSY. A SIGNIFICANT NUMBER OF THEM ARE YOUNG AND BURLY, THEY CAN BE SEEN TO BE WAVING THEIR FISTS.

HUNTER: (OOV) Observe the young men.

SUDDENLY SOME STONES ARE THROWN FROM THE CROWD AT THE CHINESE. ONE OF THE CHINESE IS HIT AND STAGGERS A LITTLE.

MERES: (OOV) From here.

IN NO TIME A MINOR WAR IS BEING FOUGHT. SOME OF THE CHINESE ARE BRANDISHING WEAPONS - BROOM HANDLES, ANYTHING - AND OTHERS ARE THROWING STONES BACK.

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ANOTHER CHINESE HAS APPEARED. HE HOLDS A CAMERA, WITH WHICH HE BEGINS TO PHOTOGRAPH BOTH SIDES.

HUNTER:(OOV) Notice the one with the camera.

MERES:(OOV) Propaganda?

HUNTER: (OOV) Of course, What the reader sees in a photograph depends on the caption you print underneath.

CALLAN: (OOV) "Our loyal ambassadors repelling imperialist invaders."

SOME POLICE APPEAR AND BEGIN TO WADE INTO THE CROWD. THERE IS SOMETHING OF A BRAWL, SEVERAL OF THE YOUNG MEN ARE SEEN TO BREAK AWAY AND RUN. THE SHOT BOUNCES AS THE CAMERAMAN FOLLOWS.

HUNTER: (OOV) Now watch.

THE YOUNG MEN ARE SEEN TO ROUND A CORNER. SHOT REALLY BOUNCES AND SKIDS. THE YOUNG MEN ARE SEEN TO BE RUNNING DOWN THE NEXT STREET TOWARDS A VAN, THE DOORS OF WHICH ARE BEING YANKED OPEN BY A MAN. THEY REACH IT AND FILE IN. IMMEDIATELY THE MAN SLAMS AND LOCKS THE DOORS. DASHES TO DRIVING SEAT. LOOKS UP AND DOWN. FILM CHANGES.

HUNTER: (V/O) Now.

CU MAN ABOUT45, BEARING THE YEARS WELL. STRONG FACED, WIDE MOUSTACHE, ABOUT 5' 9" WEARS A TRENCH COAT.

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HUNTER: There's the man.

MERES: Holder.

HUNTER: The Hon. Ronald Holder. Rugby, Cambridge, Sandhurst.

HUNTER SWITCHES OFF PROJECTOR OR MONITOR. WALKS TO SIT. CALLAN AND MERES STANDING.

CALLAN: And every Fascist bog from here to Newcastle.

HUNTER GIVES HIM A DISAPPROVING LOOK. THEN GESTURES BOTH OF THEM TO SIT DOWN.

MERES: What's he to us, sir?

HUNTER: Nothing. At the moment.

CALLAN LOOKS AT MERES.

CALLAN: Here we go!

HUNTER RAISES HIS EYEBROWS, AS IF TO SAY 'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?'
The worse the trouble, sir, the less you tell us.

HUNTER SMILES.

HUNTER: There is no trouble Callan. Yet. Except the usual nuisance. Holder's an irritant as we all know. Disrupts other people's meetings, holds provocative marches, stimulates racial hatred - that sort of thing.

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MERES: CID sir.

HUNTER: As you say, Meres. CID. Except...

CALLAN: Sir?

HUNTER: The Home Office want to keep him out of the Courts. If he gets in front of a magistrate he'll bawl his political head off, get put away for ten days, make every headline in the country - and we're worse off than ever.

MERES: It's hardly our department sir, all the same.

HUNTER: There's reason to believe he's up to something a bit more serious this time. Against the Chinese.

CALLAN: Good luck to him.

HUNTER: That may be your view, Callan. But I can't encourage it.

CALLAN: What about our people in Peking? They're having it pretty tough.

HUNTER PUSHES A FILE ACROSS THE DESK.

HUNTER: It's pretty clear the Chinese are looking for any form of propaganda they can to exploit. It's up to us to see that Holder, for one, doesn't provide it.

CALLAN PICKS UP THE FILE AND LOOKS THROUGH IT.

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MERFS: Do we know what he's planning, sir?

HUNTER: Not yet.

CALLAN GETS UP TO GO.

CALLAN: The more you fight him the more he likes it.

HUNTER: Exactly, Callan, which is why we must move carefully.

CALLAN: Let me know when you've got a master plan...sir.

HUNTER: Sit down, Callan. We'll use our brains for once. Shall we?

MERFS SMILES AT THE SOUR CALLAN WHO SITS.

2. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. EVENING.

CALLAN AND LONELY.

LONELY: Gawd blimey, Mr. Callan, I couldn't do that, Honest.

CALLAN WAVES MONEY AT HIM.

3. STUDIO. INT. HOLDER INNER OFFICE. EVENING.

FELICE NEFF IS WITH HOLDER WHO IS SITTING AT HIS DESK. FELICE IS A TALL, RATHER STARTLING BLONDE WITH A FIRM-BONED FACE. BEAUTIFUL BUT HARD. SHE SHOULD BE TALLER THAN HOLDER. SHE WEARS A BADGE AT HER THROAT WHICH BEARS THE CREST OF THE ORGANISATION. (ALL MEMBERS WEAR THIS BADGE)

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SHE UNFOLDS A MAP AND PUTS IT IN FRONT OF HIM.

FELICE: I thought you'd find this interesting

THEY STUDY IT TOGETHER.

It's pretty obvious stuff, I suppose. I mean, you're bound to get heavy recruiting here (SHE POINTS TO, SAY, WOLVERHAMPTON, BIRMINGHAM ETC) but it looks good, blocked out like this.

HOLDER: Yes. On the other hand, we shouldn't get carried away, Felice. Let's not delude ourselves. We couldn't exactly take over the government, could we?

FELICE: It'll come.

HE LOOKS AT HER AND GIVES A DOUBTING SHRUG. BUT THEN REMEMBERS HIS AIMS.

HOLDER: Well, we mustn't get things out of proportion. The Chinese business should bring us a few more members. But we're nowhere near, that thousand mark yet. We must get there by next year.

FELICE: We will. There's a man out in the hall, now.

HOLDER LAUGHS.

HOLDER: Just one!

FELICE: Better than none.

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HOLDER: I sometimes think you've got more tenacity than I have.

FELICE: There has to be a woman behind every great man. You know that! You do the talking. We'll do the rest.

SHE LEAVES HIM LOOKING AT THE MAP, AND GOES.

4. INT. HOLDER'S OUTER ROOM. EVENING.

THIS IS WHERE HOLDER STAGES MOST OF HIS MEETINGS. MILITARY PICTURES ON THE WALLS. EVEN HITLER AND IL DUCE. FLAGS AND BANNERS STAND HERE AND THERE. A TABLE WITH LITERATURE. CALLAN STANDS THERE READING. FELICE COMES IN. LOOKS AT HIM.

FELICE: I gather you'd like to join us!

CALLAN: (AS THOUGH THINKING) I 'ad thought about it, miss.

FELICE: But?

CALLAN: Nothing really, I'd just like to know a bit more about it first. I mean, I've read the papers and that. You know - the leader's big speeches. But I don't trust the papers all that much. Do you?

FELICE: They've been known to be less than fair to us.

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CALLAN: I want somebody to tell me about it, see. Get at the truth.

FELICE: Of course, Mr....?

CALLAN: Callan, Miss. You could tell me, couldn't you?

FELICE: I'd willingly try.

CALLAN: Great. Tell you what. I haven't had a bite yet. Straight out of work. Come and have a coffee and bun with me. There's a cafe just round the corner. Then you can tell me.

SHE GIVES HIM A SUSPICIOUS LOOK.

CALLAN: No - straight up. I just want to hear about it. Dunno what's the matter with birds these days. Only got to look at 'em and they think you're makin' a pass.

SHE SMILES AT HIS TRUCULENCE.

FELICE: Alright, Mr. Callan. I've finished here, anyway.

SHE CROSSES TO THE INNER OFFICE AND OPENS THE DOOR.

5. STUDIO. INT. HOLDER INNER OFFICE. NIGHT.

FELICE LOOKS IN AS HOLDER IS PUTTING PAPERS AWAY IN SAFE.

FELICE: I'm going to the cafe with him to tell him about us.

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HOLDER LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

FELICE: Don't be a bear. He's quite innocent.

HOLDER: (BRIEF NOD) Right see you later.

SHE NODS AND CLOSES DOOR.

6. STUDIO. INT. HOLDER OUTER OFFICE. NIGHT.

FELICE TAKES HER COAT OFF A HOOK AND CARRIES IT WITH HER HANDBAG TO THE DOOR. CALLAN WITH HER. AS THEY NEAR IT IT OPENS AND HENRY ENTERS. HENRY IS A GREAT BIG FELLOW, AGED ABOUT 23, BLOND, MUSCULAR, NOT OVER BRIGHT. WEARING 'THE BADGE'.
HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY AT CALLAN, WHO SMILES AND NODS.

FELICE: (TO HENRY) He's almost ready.

THEY LEAVE. HENRY LOOKS AFTER THEM, THEN CLOSES THE DOOR. AS HE COMES INTO THE OFFICE CENTRE THE ADJOINING DOOR OPENS AND HOLDER EMERGES.

HOLDER: Ah, there you are, Henry.

HENRY: You told me seven o'clock.

HOLDER: And here you are. What would I do without you? To keep me safe?

HENRY IS PLEASED. HOLDER LOOKS BRIEFLY INTO HIS OFFICE, TURNS OFF THE LIGHT, SHUTS THE DOOR, CROSSES THE OUTER OFFICE.

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HOLDER: Come along, then.

HENRY HUNCHES HIS SHOULDERS AND FOLLOWS. THEY GO OUT. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM. WE HEAR SOUND OF KEY. CAM DRIFTS ACROSS TO A WINDOW COVERED IN GRIME. THE CATCH IS SEEN TO JIGGLE, THEN GIVE. THE WINDOW IS RAISED, LONELY PEERS IN. SATISFIED, HE CLIMBS IN CLOSES WINDOW BEHIND HIM, LOOKS ABOUT, SNIFFS, TAKES BUNDLE OF LOCKSMITH KEYS FROM HIS POCKET AND MAKES FOR THE INNER OFFICE.

7. STUDIO. INT. ROOM AT EMBASSY. NIGHT.

A BIG ROOM, SUITABLE FOR IMPRESSING, TWO DOORS, ONE MAIN AND ONE SIDE. A BIG DESK FOR CHINESE AMBASSADOR. OTHER FURNISHINGS NORMAL, HANGING BEHIND THE DESK AN ENORMOUS PICTURE OF MAO TSE TUNG. THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR IS LAO TSUNG, THIN, SMART, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND SUFFICIENTLY IMBUED WITH THE INSTINCT OF SELF PRESERVATION TO MOUTH THE PARTY LINE AS THOUGH HE MEANT IT. IT COULD REVERSE OVERNIGHT AND NOT GIVE HIM A MOMENT'S PAUSE.
WITH HIM IS A FOREIGN OFFICE REPRESENTATIVE, DAVID FORBES, CALM, IMPECCABLE, ABOUT 40, QUITE AS GOOD AT THIS GAME AS LAO TSUNG. LAO TSUNG IS ACTING ANGER FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BUGS WITH WHICH HIS WALLS ARE LIBERALLY LACED.

LAO: You accuse me?

FORBES: We accuse no one.

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LAO: Don't play with words, Mr. Forbes. Your Foreign Office is asking us to leave your Ambassador in Pek ng in peace.

FORBES: To protect him and his staff.

LAO: Which, is accusing us of neglect.

FORBES: We feel sure your police could save them from being beaten up.

LAO: With such provocation?

FORBES: There's been none.

LAO: You should try not tobe naive, Mr. Forbes. It is Imperialist policy to offer constant provocation, and we cannot prevent our democratic people from freely expressing their disgust and contempt for capitalist lackeys.

FORBES: (TOUGH OF CONTEMPT) By beating up and torturing people in no position to defend themselves.

LAO: There has been no such incident - only compulsory reading of Our Leader's Red Book.

FORBES: (DRY) Bare-headed. In the sun. For endless hours.

LAO: Our men here have been stoned. How do you defend that?

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FORBES: With all due deference to your leader, Britsh people do not take kindly to the idea that any politician is a god, as numerous politicans have discovered. Your people, by insisting on reading the works of Mao Tse Tung to ears which find such cant offensive, are being deliberately. provocative.

LAO: But only in reply to what your people are doing in Peking.

FORBES: A waste of time, I imagine, to point out that your country started all this.

LAO: Our country is a people's democracy, not a capitalistic slave farm. No-one is controlled. All are free.

WHILE SAYING THIS HE WATCHES FORBES EXTRACT A DOCUMENT FROM HIS BRIEF CASE, CROSS AND PLACE IT ON HIS DESK.

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LAO: We have asked for moderation in the free expression of protest, but we cannot, like you, use the police and the military to enforce our will....What is that?

FORBES: A restriction order.

LAO: As we expected. Imprisonment.

FORBES: It's only a five mile limit. You can still move about. Our people can't if's difficult, isn't it - when you've been forced to your knees.

8. STUDIO. INT. CAFE. NIGHT.

CALLAN IS SITTING OPPOSITE FELICE. BOTH HAVE COFFEE. HE HAS A BUN, WHICH HE BITES FROM TIME TO TIME.

CALLAN: I don't want to see Britain insulte any more, that's all.

FELICE: Nor do we.

CALLAN: I mean, everybody does it now, don't they? Look at the blacks. We give 'em their freedom and, wham, nothing but insults.

FELICE: Britain must be made great again.

CALLAN: That's it, that's it.

FELICE: Which is what we stand for.

CALLAN: Why I came to your meetings, isn't it?

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FELICE: You're a thoughtful man, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Yeah, well. You can't let it all just 'appen, can you?

FELICE: No. One must act.

CALLAN: You're right. Act. I'd like to see some action about those Chinks and all.

FELICE: The Chinese Embassy, you mean?

CALLAN: Yeah. Why don't your organisation do something about that? I'd 'elp.Willingly.

SHE WITHDRAWS A LITTLE.

FELICE: There isn't really anything we can do.

CALLAN: Course there is. Kick up a fuss. 'Urt them like they're 'urting our people. Put the boot in.

9. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LARGE HOUSE. NIGHT.

HOLDER AND HENRY ABOUT TO GO INTO HOUSE. HOLDER SUDDENLY REMEMBERS SOMETHING,

HOLDER: Damn. Henry, there's a map in the office. I meant to bring it home tonight. Go and get it will you? It's in my top drawer. Put it in an envelope or something. I don't want the whole world to see it. Yet.

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HENRY NODS AND GOES.

10. STUDIO. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

HUNTER IS JUST RETURNING TO HIS DESK, A DRINK IN HIS HAND. THE PHONE RINGS.

HE FLIPS A SWITCH TO PUT IT ONTO SPEAKER AS HE SITS.

HUNTER: Yes?

MERES: (OOV. DISTORT) Meres.

HUNTER: Right.

MERES: (OOV) I don't think Callan got much, but I followed her home, as you suggested.

HUNTER: Good.

MERES: She doesn't live where we thought.

HUNTER: Go on.

MERES: She lives with Holder.

11. STUDIO. INT. HOLDER OUTER OFFICE. NIGHT.

THE PLACE IS IN DARKNESS, THE ONLY LIGHT SUCH AS FILTERS THROUGH THE GRUBBY WINDOWS, THE DOOR ADJOINING WITH THE INNER OFFICE STANDS AJAR. THE CLICKING OF A KEY. THE OUTER DOOR OPENS AND HENRY STEPS IN. HE STILLS AS HE SEES THE OTHER DOOR OPEN. EVER SO GENTLY HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, THEN SILENTLY

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CROSSES TO THE INNER OFFICE. AS HE GOES HE TAKES A GUN FROM BENEATH HIS LEATHER JACKET. FAINT CLICK AS HE TABS OFF THE SAFETY CATCH. SUDDENLY HE PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN AND STEPS INSIDE.

12. STUDIO. INT. HOLDER INNER OFFICE. NIGHT.

TO FIND - NOTHING.
HE STANDS, GUN READY, LOOKING ABOUT. WE ARE LOOKING AT HIM FROM FURTHER INSIDE THE INNER OFFICE. ZOOM OVER HIS SHOULDER TO THE WINDOW OF THE OUTER OFFICE THROUGH WHICH LONELY ENTERED. A VAGUE SHADOW CAN BE SEEN AND SLOWLY THE WINDOW CATCH WORKS ITS WAY BACK TO ITS PROPER POSITION. HE SHRUGS AND GOES TO GET MAP FROM DRAWER.

13. STUDIO. INT. CALLAN FLAT. NIGHT.

CALLAN COMES IN FROM DIRECTION OF KITCHEN HOLDING A TEAPOT, BOTTLE OF MILK, AND A MUG, WHICH IS NOT EASY. HE PUTS THEM HASTILY DOWN ON THE TABLE AND BLOWS ON HIS HAND WHERE IT HAS BEEN BURNT BY THE POT. ALREADY ON THE TABLE IS A SUGAR BOWL.
HE PREPARES A CUP OF TEA IN AN OFFHAND MANNER. THERE IS A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR. CARRYING THE MILK BOTTLE, WHICH HE IS IN PROCESS OF USING, HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT A CRACK. OUTSIDE IS LONELY.

LONELY: (OUTSIDE) 'Lo, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: (OPENING DOOR) I thought you'd gone and lost yourself.

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LONELY: (ENTERING) Another two minutes and I damn well would've, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Oh, yes?

HE FOLLOWS LONELY INTO THE ROOM.

CALLAN: Just made some tea. Want some?

LONELY: Oh, ta. I wouldn't say no.

CALLAN GOES TO GET ANOTHER MUG FROM THE CUPBOARD. HE STOPS AND TURNS BACK.

CALLAN: You alright, Lonely?

LONELY: Bit shaky, and that's a fact.

CALLAN: Better sit down, then.

HE TURNS INSTEAD TO A CABINET FROM WHICH HE TAKES A BOTTLE OF WHISKY AND A GLASS.

CALLAN: It isn't tea you want, mate.

CROSSES BACK TO THE TABLE, SLOPPING SOME WHISKY INTO THE GLASS, WHICH HE GIVES TO LONELY.

CALLAN: Try that.

LONELY: Thanks.

HE PUTS IT TO HIS MOUTH, THEN TAKES IT AWAY, TO RAISE IT BRIEFLY.

LONELY: Cheers. (GULPS THE DRINK)

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CALLAN: Cheers.

CALLAN RETURNS TO HIS PREPARATION OF A CUP OF TEA.

CALLAN: You'd better tell me all about it.

LONELY: I didn't think you'd do that to me. Not you, Mr. Callan. Not to your old mate.

CALLAN: What did I do?

LONELY: I mean, a feller with a gun. It's not the form, is it? Anything could've 'appened.

CALLAN IS KEENLY INTERESTED, BUT SIPS AT HIS TEA.

CALLAN: Who had a gun, Lonely?

LONELY: A big blonde bloke.

CALLAN: Black leather jacket?

LONELY: That's 'im. Frightened the bleedn life out of me 'e did.

CALLAN: That was Henry.

LONELY: Oh, now, Mr. Callan. You're not mixin' with people like that.

CALLAN: We met in passing.

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LONELY: I nearly met 'im myself. Two minutes more, I'm tellin' you, and 'e'd've been pointin' that thing at me.

CALLAN: Well, he didn't. So you needn't worry about it.

LONELY: But think 'ow close I was.

CALLAN: You're still alive.

LONELY: Praise be to god.

HE LIFTS A HAND TO WIPE HIS FOREHEAD AND ACCIDENTALLY/DELIBERATELY KNOCKS OVER HIS EMPTY WHISKY GLASS. SOLEMNLY HE SETS IT UPRIGHT AFTER A SHARP GLANCE AT CALLAN.

CALLAN: (PLAYING UP) Oh dear, you're empty.

LONELY: Well, so I am.

CALLAN: Have some more.

LONELY: If you're pæssin' me, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN POURS SOME MORE.

LONELY: (WATCHING) I didn't know you was mixed up in politics, see. Wouldn't've thought it.

CALLAN: I'm not. Some people are trying to put me on, that's all.

LONELY: (UNCOMPREHENDING) Oh.

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CALLAN: (HOLDING OUT A HAND) Let's have it, then.

LONELY: Of course, yes.

HE IS VERY SLOW IN REACHING FOR HIS POCKET. AS SOON AS CALLAN PRODUCES A BUNCH OF NOTES HE BRIGHTENS AND QUICKENS. HE HANDS OVER A TINY CAMERA AND TAKES THE NOTES.

LONELY: Very kind of you. Most kind, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN IS WINDING ON THE FILM TO CLEAR IT OF THE SPOOL. HE SNAPS THE BACK OPEN.

CALLAN: Get all of it?

LONELY: Everything there was in the safe.

CALLAN: Well done, mate.

LONELY GETS UP TO GO.

CALLAN: And listen. Don't leave the country, Lonely. I might need you again.

LONELY: I'll be at home, Mr. Callan.

LONELY GOES.

CALLAN EXTRACTS THE CASSETTE OF FILM, TOSSES IT INTO THE AIR AND CATCHES IT.

CALLAN: I'll bet that's packed full of surprises.

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14. STUDIO. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

WE ARE LOOKING AGAIN AT THE MONITOR. LONELY'S FILM HAS BEEN DEVELOPED AND IS BEING RUN THROUGH, FRAME BY FRAME.

MERES: (READING) Ming Tan. Aged 34, slight. Married. Three children. Interests not known. Weaknesses not known. Action nil..... Brilliant.....Look, they've all got 'action nil' typed after them.

HUNTER: Mmh.

CALLAN: (SQUINTING AT SCREEN) Who's Lay-o Tsung.

MERES: (CORRECTING) Lao Tsung.

CALLAN: Alright - who is he?

HUNTER: The Ambassador himself. Why?

CALLAN SQUINTS AGAIN AT THE SCREEN.

CALLAN: Well, it doesn't say 'action nil' after his name, does it? It says 'action - kill'.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

15. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE . DAY.

HUNTER AND FORBES.

HUNTER: Is that final?

FORBES: Absolutely. Lao Tsung is adamant. He will not stop his people from trying to provoke an incident.

HUNTER: That's what they're doing, of course.

FORBES: We'd better pray they're not successful. Because if anything serious happens the lives of our people in Peking won't be worth a tuppenny damn.....Not that they're worth much more now. But at least they're still alive.

HUNTER: I'm happy to hear that.

FORBES: We all are.

HUNTER: We didn't and allused to play football with the ambassador at school. Nor are we all a god-father to his two children.....

HUNTER: And Lao Tsung?

FORBBS: He says what he has to.

HUNTER: The true diplomat.

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FORBES: He's a loyal Chinaman, Hunter. His job is to give voice to his government's attitude. That's what he's doing.

HUNTER: (CUTTINGLY) No matter how stupid it is.

FORBES SHRUGS.

HUNTER: Does he realise the trouble he might cause?

FORBES: The end justifies the means.

HUNTER: And what is the end?

FORBES: World domination, I suppose.

HUNTER: A nation gone mad, if ever I saw one.

FORBES: In this world, how do you identify the sane?

HE GESTURES WITH THE GLASS AND DRAINS IT.

FORBES: You will watch them, won't you?

HUNTER: Of course.

FORBES: Only HMG is rather concerned that we don't get a bad press out of all this.

HUNTER: Yes.

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FORBES: You see, what with one thing and another, our image is a little tarnished at the moment.

HUNTER: I do read the reports.

FORBES: Of course you do. But one nasty incident.....

HE LEAVES IT HANGING IN THE AIR. SHAKES HUNTER'S HAND.

FORBES: Bye for now. Do come to the club soon. It will amuse you.

HUNTER: Goodbye, Forbes.

FORBES TURNS AWAY, GLANCING AT HIS WATCH.

FORBES: See myself out, old chap. Must dash.

HE GOES. HUNTER RECROSSES TO HIS DESK. AS HE REACHES IT MERES COMES IN.

MERES: Any good news, sir?

HUNTER: They're worried, Meres. Someone on high is very badly frightened by this business.

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16. FILM. EXT. OUTSIDE CHINESE EMBASSY. DAY.

WITH SOUND. ANOTHER READING IS BEING GIVEN. A CROWD HAS GATHERED. THERE ARE SOME PHOTOGRAPHS, TOO. SOME OF THE CROWD WATCH WITH/THE SAME INTEREST AS ONE ACCORDS A HOLE IN THE ROAD: SOME ARE AMUSED: SOME, HOWEVER, ARE ANGRY. FISTS ARE SHAKEN AT THE CHINESE. A BAG OF FLOUR IS THROWN AND EXPLODES NEAR THE CHINESE. THE READING CONTINUES. SOME PLACARDS ARE VISIBLE ABOVE THE CROWD - "HANDS OFF THE BRITISH EMBASSY" - THAT SORT OF THING.

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17. EXT. HYDE PARK. SPEAKER'S CORNER. DAY

A SMALL ROSTRUM HAS BEEN SET UP. AT THE ROSTRUM IS HOLDER. TO HIS LEFT (AND BELOW HIM SINCE HE SPEAKS FROM A HEIGHT) IS HENRY, ARMS FOLDED, FEET PART. TO HIS RIGHT IS FELICE, ARMS ALSO FOLDED. ALL THREE OF THEM HAVE 'THE BADGE' AS DO SOME OF THE AUDIENCE, WHICH IS THIN, COMPRISING MAINLY THOSE GETTING ON IN YEARS AND THOSE TOO YOUNG AND TOO THICK TO KNOW ANY BETTER. (NEARLY EVERYONE IS IN BLACK) AMONG THE AUDIENCE IS CALLAN, LOOKING INSPIRED, HE DOES NOT WEAR BLACK, BEING TOO RECENT IN THE ORGANISATION. HOLDER IS COMING TO THE END OF A SPEECH. HE SPEAKS LOUDLY, CLEARLY, AND WITH SUCH PASSION THAT HE IS SWEATING, THERE IS CONSIDERABLE USE OF THE RIGHT ARM FOR THUMPING.

HOLDER: Will the people of England ever again hold their heads high in the world (WITH FORCE) until this gratuitous insult from the little yellow races has been avenged - finally and forever! Will the people of England ever again hold their heads high in the world? (PAUSE) Will the people of England ever again hold their heads high?

PAUSE

Yes, ladies and gentlemen. When they learn to stand - alone. When they learn independence. That spirit that once made them truly proud. Clean. God-fearing. And British.

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HE SALUTES. HENRY AND FELICE IMMEDIATELY START OFF THE APPLAUSE. A JEERING REMARK IS MADE IN THE CROWD FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR WHERE CALLAN IS STANDING. HE TURNS TO THE INTRUDER AND TELLS HIM TO SHUT UP. THERE IS A MILD SCUFFLE. THE HECKLER SCUTTLES AWAY. THE CROWD DISPERSES. HOLDER, GETS DOWN FROM THE ROSTRUM. HENRY BEGINS TO PACK UP. CALLAN WANDERS IN TO HOLDER AND FELICE.

CALLAN: Very good, mate. Very good.

HOLDER IS A LITTLE UPSET BY THE 'MATE'

FELICE: This is the Mr. Callan, I told you about.

HOLDER NODS

HOLDER: You find us interesting, Callan?

FELICE: He's the new member.

HOLDER: The new member, Felice?

FELICE: (LAUGHS, EMBARRASSED) A new member, Sorry.

CALLAN: We could do with a few more outspoken blokes like you, you know. Wake us up to what we really are.

HOLDER: Or could be, Callan.

CALLAN: Yeah!

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HOLDER: Well, the movement's expanding, driving on. We're getting near the thousand mark, you know. And then these mewling leftwing peasants'll have something to reckon with.

CALLAN: A thousand. Blimey! I didn't know you'd got that far.

HOLDER: You'd be surprised how far we have got, Mr. Callan. There are a lot of people - people who matter, people who are used to ruling, to governing, people who are sick and tired of mismanagement, of being represented by a cloth-cap government, tired of being pushed around the world and at home by ignorant, greedy, stupid masses.

CALLAN: Yeah! Like the Chinese you mean?

HOLDER LOOKS AT HIM

HOLDER: Like the Chinese, the French, the Africans.

CALLAN: I'm right with you there mate.

HOLDER: Good. Then stay with us, Callan and ride the waves.

HOLDER, AT HIS MOST ARROGANT, NODS AND TURNS TO GO WITH HENRY TO THEIR PARKED VAN. FELICE SMILES AT CALLAN AND ALSO TURNS.

CALLAN: How about giving me something to do then?

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HOLDER TURNS TO LOOK AT HIM

CALLAN: You know, I mean, I'd like to help.

HOLDER: Money?

CALLAN: Sorry. (GRINS) You don't earn much book-keeping, you know. But, I mean. Well, I could do what he does (NODDING AT HENRY)

HENRY IS NOT SURE HOW TO TAKE THIS. PERHAPS HE IS BEING INSULTED.

HOLDER: I like a few brains around me Callan, as well as brawn.

CALLAN: Yeah but....

HOLDER: We'll think of something.

HE GOES AGAIN. FELICE LOOKS AT CALLAN.

FELICE: You shouldn't bother him you know, Mr. Callan. He's got too much to think about. Talk to Henry, if you think you're tough enough.

SHE GOES. HE SHOUTS AFTER HER

CALLAN: Right. I'll do that. Goodnight Miss.

THEY LEAVE HIM AND WALK TO THE VAN

HOLDER: I'm not sure that I trust your Mr. Callan. He's altogether too keen.

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CALLAN TURNS AWAY AND GOES TO PHONE BOOTH.

SCENE 18. INT. PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT

CALLAN DIALS

CALLAN: Lonely? Listen. I've got a job for you.

HE PUTS PHONE DOWN.

19. STUDIO. INT. CAFE. NIGHT

CALLAN IS SEATED AT A TABLE SIPPING COFFEE. HIS EYES FOLLOW A GIRL WHO EDGES PAST CARRYING A COFFEE IN HER HAND. SHE GIVES HIM A HAUGHTY LOOK. HE SMILES AMIABLY. HER LOOK BECOMES VERY COLD. SHE MOVES ON.

CALLAN: (VO) I see. Glass bottomed.

THE NEXT PERSON TO COME PAST IS HENRY ALSO CARRYING COFFEE. CALLAN SIGNALS.

CALLAN: Here, Henry. Sit 'ere.

HENRY GIVES HIM A TOUGH LOOK

CALLAN: Oh, come on. I'm one of your mob now. Might as well be mates.

HENRY THINKS, THEN NODS. SLIDES INTO THE SEAT OPPOSITE CALLAN.

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CALLAN: I like that jacket you're wearin'.

HENRY: Good in' it?

CALLAN: D'you think I could get one?

HENRY: Spect so.

CALLAN: Where, then?

HENRY: Runcy's. Down Maple Lane.

CALLAN: Tomorrow I'll be there.

HENRY: Cost a bit.

CALLAN: I'll empty me pig.

CALLAN SIPS HIS COFFEE. HENRY CANNOT SEE THE CALCULATION IN HIS EYES. CALLAN OFFERS HIM A CIGARETTE.

HENRY: No, not for me. (MOVES HIS SHOULDERS A LITTLE) Gotta look after meself, ain't I?

CALLAN: Yeah. Bet you've been in some punch-ups.

HENRY: One or two.

CALLAN: Been in the movement long?

CALLAN BUSIES HIMSELF LIGHTING UP

HENRY: Two an' 'alf years.

CALLAN: Lucky man.

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HENRY: (PROUD) I'm with Mr. 'Older now. Like 'is right 'and man.

CALLAN: He's great.

HENRY: Yeh.

CALLAN: And what a speech.

HENRY: Gets you, don't it?

CALLAN: Never 'eard anybody like 'im. Tell you what, though.

HENRY: What?

CALLAN LOOKS ABOUT HIM, THEN LOWERS HIS VOICE

CALLAN: If ever he, er, wants a gun - just come to me.

HENRY REGARDS HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN SMILES. CALLAN SEEMS TO REGARD HIM IN PUZZLEMENT FOR A MOMENT, THEN GRINS DELIGHTEDLY AND TAPS HIM LIGHTLY ON THE SHOULDER.

CALLAN: You crook. You've got one.

HENRY: I'm a bodyguard.

CALLAN: Lucky man. But I 'ave thought - I'll tell you - (VOICE RIGHT DOWN NOW, LEANING FORWARD) I 'ave thought, of puttin' it in my pocket, goin' up West, and doin' somethin' about those Chinks.

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CONFUSION REGISTERS ON HENRY'S FACE.

CALLAN: I might, yet. (LEANS BACK) Not made up me mind.

NOW HE HAS PRODUCED IN THE HENRY A SERIES CLASH OF AIMS. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO KEEP HIS LEADER'S SECRET, INDICATE TO CALLAN THAT HE SHOULD KEEP OFF, OR JUST PECK UP THE GROUND IN A FURY OF DISPLACEMENT ACTIVITY.

HENRY: Oh...

CALLAN: What's up?

HENRY: I wouldn't do that?

CALLAN: Why not?

HENRY: Mr. 'Older wouldn't like it. 'E wouldn't like it at all.

CALLAN: Why not? What's it got to do with 'im?

CONFUSED SILENCE.

CALLAN: (VO) With your brain, mate, a bird would be hard done by.

CALLAN: (PRETENDED REALISATION) I wouldn't be mukin' up something of his, would I?

HENRY GETS SUDDENLY TO HIS FEET, HE IS ALMOST SWEATING.

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HENRY: Got to go now.

CALLAN: What's the rush? We were just gettin' to know each other.

HENRY HASTENS OFF
CALLAN LOOKS AFTER HIM, THE FAINTEST TRACE OF A SMILE ON HIS FACE.

20. FILM. EXT. STREET WITH CAFE. NIGHT

CALLAN COMES OUT OF THE CAFE, LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETTE, WALKS AWAY. A MAN IS WATCHING FROM A DARK DOORWAY. HE EMERGES AND FOLLOWS CALLAN DOWN THE STREET.

SCENE 21. STUDIO. INT.. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT

CALLAN AND LONELY

CALLAN: You picked him up, then?

LONELY: Easy, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Amateur?

LONELY: Didn't 'ave a clue. You came down Table Street like you said you would, and all I 'ad to do was tag onto 'im.

CALLAN: (DRY) And he didn't see what you were at?

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LONELY: (WITH A CERTAIN PRIDE) I didn't start yesterday. I'm a professional in this game. Not like 'im.

CALLAN: Good lad.

LONELY: (GRINNING) 'E didn't 'alf get in a panic when you shook 'im off. Runnin' up and down the arcade 'e was. S'truth, 'e saw me three times and still didn't catch on.

CALLAN: So he went home.

LONELY: S'right. With me on 'is tail.

CALLAN HOLDS OUT A HAND.

CALLAN: Let's have the address, then.

LONELY PRODUCES A PIECE OF PAPER AND HANDS IT OVER - VERY CRUMPLED. CALLAN TAKES IT AND READS.

CALLAN: 34, Stapleton Crescent. A house of his own, is it?

LONELY: A little two up and two down. You know.

CALLAN: Yeah. Small enough to make living uncomfortable and big enough for the mortgage to break your back.

LONELY: 'At's it.

CALLAN: Nothing else about him?

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LONELY: Blimey, what d'you want - blood?

CALLAN: No. This'll do.

SCENE 22. STUDIO. INT. HUNTERS OFFICE. DAY

HUNTER AND MERES. MERES HAS JUST PUT A REPORT IN FRONT OF HUNTER.

HUNTER: Thank you.

HE LEAFS THROUGH THE REPORT.

CALLAN: Why don't we just pull them all in and cool them in cells until everything's blown over?

HUNTER: Can't be done.

CALLAN: Seems a simple answer, though.

HUNTER LOCKS AT HIM BRIEFLY. CALLAN RETURNS THE STARE AND SIPS HIS COFFEE.

CALLAN: (AT LEISURE) Sir.

HUNTER: It would mean too much publicity for them.

CALLAN: In the nick?

HUNTER: Of course. The disappearance of a public figure like Holder would be noticed immediately. And don't think his agents wouldn't be on to the press immediately. They would. And they'd love it.

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CALLAN: Bang a D notice on it.

HUNTER: It would do us no good. They have backers - in high places.

CALLAN: Do we know them?

HUNTER: No.

CALLAN: Not like us.

HUNTER: They haven't previously had any importance for our department.

CALLAN: And now they have, and here we sit - with our trousers down.

MERES STEPS IN QUICKLY TO AVERT HUNTER'S DISPLEASURE.

MERES: By putting Holder away we'd increase his membership overnight.

HUNTER: Exactly. And that's why he must be stopped. Quietly. Without anyone being hurt.

CALLAN: Can't guarantee that, can we?

HUNTER: Then if anyone is to be hurt - has to be hurt - make sure it is not Lao Tsung. Or anyone of this staff.

CALLAN: O.K.

HUNTER: It's a matter of selecting the least embarrassing of two unpleasant alternatives. For our purposes Lao Tsung is made of porcelain.

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HE TURNS AWAY AND LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW

HUNTER: But I repeat, ideally no one is to be hurt. Understood?

MERES: Yes, sir.

CALLAN: Kay.

HUNTER: To that end, neither of you is to carry a loaded gun.

HE TURNS FROM THE WINDOW

CALLAN: (OFFENDED) Holder's boys will love that.

HUNTER: You must take care not to give them any opportunity for violence.

CALLAN SHRUGS

HUNTER: Keep them away from the Chinese, but otherwise, don't touch. Now - the other thing. Lao Tsung must be warned. Meres.

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SC. 23. FILM. EXT. STREET. DAY.

WE ARE FAIRLY TIGHT ON A NEWSPAPER BILLBOARD. HURRYING LEGS CROSS THIS WAY AND THAT IN FRONT. OF IT. THE VOICE OF THE PAPER SELLER CAN BE HEARD MAKING THE USUAL UNRECOGNISABLE CRIES. THE BILLBOARD READS "PEKING AMBASSADOR MAULED BY RED GUARDS".

SC. 24. FILM. EXT. OUTSIDE CHINESE EMBASSY. DAY.

SHOTS OF A CROWD OF PEOPLE CIRCULATING IN PROCESSION AND CARRYING PLACARDS OF PROTEST.

SC. 25. STUDIO. INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

LAO TSUNG HAS JUST RECEIVED MERES INTO THE ROOM.

LAO: So you are from security?

MERES: Yes, sir.

LAO: And what is it specifically that you secure?

MERES: Whatever crops up.

LAO: In this case, us.

MERES: That's right.

LAO: How very kind. (HE WALKS TO A BELL PULL) Tea?

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MERES: Thank you.

LAO PULLS THE BELL CORD.

LAO: What I can't understand for the moment, you see, is what leads you to think we need security.

MERES: I'd have thought the incidents of the last few days would have been sufficient indication.

LAO: Frightened of crowds? Us?

MERES: When the crowd may become violent, yes.

LAO: Chairman Mao says "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."

MERES: What victory would that be?

LAO: Of enlightened thought in the land of the running dog.

THE DOOR OPENS AND A MAN COMES IN CARRYING A TRAY OF TEA THINGS, WHICH HE SETS DOWN. HE GOES.

LAO: You see, we communists are like seeds and the people are like the soil.

MERES: Not these people, Mr. Tsung. You'll find the ground rather hard for scattering your seeds.

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TSUNG IS POURING TEA. TINY CUPS.

LAO: We shall see.

MERES: There's no doubt that you will.

LAO: Though I cannot accept readings from Chairman Mao as provocative.

MERES: There is the small matter of our people in Peking being attacked.

TSUNG HANDS MERES A CUP.

LAO: Educated, Mr. Meres.

MERES: By force.

LAO: I'm afraid our Red Guards sometimes get a little over-enthusiastic.

MERES: Despite what Chairman Mao says?

LAO RAISES AN EYEBROW IN QUERY.

MERES: Communists must use the democratic method of persuasion and education, and must on no account resort to commandism or coercion.

LAO: You've done your homework.

MERES: I like a change from more serious reading.

LAO: (A SLIGHT NOD) But there has been no coercion.

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MERES: What do you call it?

LAO: A natural expression of the anger of the masses.

MERES: Which is why I'm here, of course.

LAO: Oh?

MERES: You yourselves are about to receive (IRONY) "a natural expression of the anger of the masses."

LAO: In what form?

MERES: Assassination.

LAO GENTLY SETS DOWN HIS TEA CUP.

LAO: The paper tiger is about to bite.

MERES: That's it.

LAO: How interesting. Who is it in particular? Ronald Holder?

MERES: Perhaps!

LAO: Wherever there is a struggle there is sacrifice, and death is a common occurrence.

MERES: More from Mao?

LAO INCLINES HIS HEAD.

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MERES: Got a word for everything, hasn't he?

LAO: His thoughts are universal.

MERES: Well, ours aren't, Mr. Tsung. In fact, at the moment, they're extremely local. And we'd like your permission to put some security men in here.

LAO: That...I must decline.

MERES: It's for your good.

LAO: This house is Chinese territory, Mr. Meres. We permit no intruders.

MERES: Then someone will die.

LAO: We believe in our cause.

MERES: But there is one further item of information.

LAO: Which is?

MERES SMILES APOLOGETICALLY. THIS, HE THINKS, IS HIS DRAMATIC MOMENT.

MERES: The person to be assassinated is you.

LAO: (INDIFFERENT) That, of course, was predictable. I am the most obvious target.

MERES: And that's all you have to say?

LAO: As Chairman Mao advises, I shall be resolute and fear no sacrifice.

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

SC. 26. STUDIO. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.
HUNTER, MERES, CALLAN.

HUNTER: And Lao Tsung will allow no-one inside the embassy.

MERES: Not a soul, sir.

HUNTER: (IRONY) I trust due recognition of his courage will be accorded him when his body is flown home.

CALLAN: What makes a man act like that?

MERES: He's got Chairman Mao (TAPS HIS EYEBROW) up to here.

HUNTER: Or appears to have. Ambassadors say what is expected of them.

CALLAN: And do it, too - then what they'll get is a bullet?

HUNTER: The oriental attitude to life and death is different from ours. (TO MERES) What do we know of his movements?

MERES: Limited, but normal, sir. Out several times a week in the embassy car - mainly to other embassies. Some shopping expeditions.

HUNTER: So he is vulnerable.

MERES: Very.

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CALLAN: Where's his reception room?

MERES: At the rear of the building. On the south side.

CALLAN: And I bet it's got a great big window in it.

MERES: Yes.

CALLAN: Holder's got it made. He can get that Chink any time he feels like it.

HUNTER: (COLDLY) We still have our brief - which is to protect him from injury.

CALLAN CAN'T SEE HOW THAT IS TO BE DONE. HE STARES BLANKLY AT THE WINDOW.

HUNTER: Since we aren't to be allowed inside the embassy, we shall adopt the only other course - guard it from the outside.

MERES: (THOUGHTFULLY) Difficult, sir - with all those people demonstrating.

HUNTER: Nonetheless, we shall do it.

CALLAN: There is one other way, though.

HUNTER LOOKS AT HIM IN QUERY.

CALLAN: The real problem is this Lao Tsung, isn't it?

HUNTER: That is what we've been talking about.

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CALLAN: Yeah. Well...Holder wouldn't be able to get Lao Tsung if Lao Tsung wasn't there, would he?

BOTH HUNTER AND MERES STARE AT HIM.

CALLAN: If he was (MAKES A CIRCULAR MOTION WITH HIS FINGER) spirited away.

MERES: Kidnapped?

CALLAN: Why not? It's the only way to do it. We nip in there, bandage him up and -

HUNTER: (SHARPLY) I didn't hear what you just said, Callan. It was most unethical, and therefore was neither spoken nor heard. (COLD STARE) Good heavens above, man.

HE TURNS AND STARES OUT OF THE WINDOW, CLEARING HIS THROAT ANGRILY. CALLAN LOOKS AT MERES AND SHRUGS. SUDDENLY HUNTER TURNS BACK AND FLIPS ON HIS INTERCOM.

HUNTER: Get my car, please.

HE FLIPS IT OFF AND WALKS TOWARD THE DOOR, THEN STOPS AND TURNS.

HUNTER: I think the best thing you can do, Callan, is take three days leave to cool your head...Such foolishness.

HE TURNS AWAY AND DOES A THROWAWAY LINE AS HE GOES OUT.

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HUNTER: And remember that anything you do in that three days is not done in the name of this department.

MERES AND CALLAN LOOK QUIZZICALLY AT EACH OTHER.

CALLAN: You on?

MERES SMILES AND NODS.

SCENE 27. EXT. STREET. NIGHT. (FILM)

CALLAN WALKING ALONE. HE LOOKS ACROSS ROAD. MERES IS STANDING IN DOORWAY, OTHER SIDE. CAR PULLS UP. TWO CHINESE JUMP OUT, GRAP CALLAN. THERE IS A STRUGGLE, MERES PHOTOGRAPHS WITH FLASH, SEVERAL TIMES. CALLAN EVENTUALLY BUNDLED IN. CAR DRIVES OFF. MERES WATCHES, SMILING, AS CAR GOES ROUND CORNER.

CUT TO:

SC. 28. EXT. STREET. NIGHT. (FILM)

CAR PULLS UP. CHINESE GETS OUT FOLLOWED BY CALLAN. HE TAKES MONEY FROM POCKET AND PAYS THEM. THEY GET BACK INTO CAR AND DRIVE OFF.

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29. STUDIO. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

CALLAN HAS A SHEET OF PAPER ON THE TABLE. HE AND LONELY HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT IT. LONELY IS FRIGHTENED AND UPSET. CALLAN HAS A BOTTLE IN HIS HAND.

CALLAN: Have another drink.

LONELY: It's no good, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: What harm will a drink do?

LONELY: You're tryin' to soften me up.

CALLAN: Now would I do that?

LONELY: Yes, Mr. Callan, you would.

CALLAN: Never.

LONELY: I know you.

CALLAN: Well if you're going to refuse my booze...

LONELY: I don't want to offend you.

CALLAN: That's alright, Lonely.

LONELY: Well....just a little one. (CALLAN SLOPS WHISKY INTO HIS GLASS) But I still won't do it.

CALLAN: I don't see the difficulty, meself.

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LONELY: The Chinese Embassy. It's not right. It's not proper. Furvermore, it's bleedin' dangerous.

CALLAN: I'd be right behind you, mate.

LONELY: No thank you, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: But I'm not asking you to go inside.

LONELY: I'm not goin' anywhere near it, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Not for two hundred?

LONELY: Not for any money.

CALLAN: Do a lot with two hundred sheets. Steak, egg and chips, with Chablis on the side, for half a year.

LONELY: I'll manage.

CALLAN: Oh, yeh?

LONELY: I've got money.

CALLAN: How much?

LONELY: (EVASIVELY) Enough.

CALLAN: Bet there's not much left of that eighty I gave you. You can go through money faster than anybody I ever saw. (POURS WHISKY INTO LONELY'S GLASS) Two fifty.

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LONELY: Nope.

CALLAN MOVES FURTHER INTO THE ROOM, HANDS IN POCKETS NOW.

CALLAN: I don't know what you're worried about. After all, all I want you to do is jack the window open. I'm the one who's going in.

LONELY: And just think - me gettin' it open and findin' a big, yellow oriental face smilin' at me. (SHUDDERS) Oh, I couldn't bear it, Mr. Callan, and that's a fact.

CALLAN: Going to let me down, then.

LONELY GLANCES AT THE PLAN, LOOKS WRETCHED.

LONELY: You've been good to me, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: That's true.

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LONELY: Very good.

CALLAN: Yeah.

LONELY: But - politics! What you gettin' mixed up in that for?

CALLAN: I've told you already - I'm not.

LONELY: Then what's all this slit-eyed stuff? New game, is it? You want to leave it alone. Forget about it. Or you'll very likely get a great big oriental shiv stuck on your kidneys.

CALLAN: Now if you get me inside.

LONELY: For what, Mr. Callan? For what?

CALLAN: Some valuable stuff in embassies.

LONELY: Yeh. And that's it, in it?

CALLAN: What, now?

LONELY: Well, it's an embassy. Bugs and alarms everywhere. And I know, believe me, I've seen it. In the pictures.

CALLAN: Two seven five. (LONELY GULPS THE WHISKY. CALLAN IMMEDIATELY MOVES FORWARD AND REFILLS) Final offer.

LONELY: No. Sorry, Mr. Callan, but no.

CALLAN: Alright. Have it your way.

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SCENE 30. EXT. CHINESE EMBASSY. NIGHT (FILM)

CROWD GATHERING FOR YET MORE DEMONSTRATIONS.

SCENE 31. EXT. REAR OF EMBASSY. NIGHT (FILM)

THE SOUNDS ARE LOWER NOW.
WE COME IN FAIRLY TIGHT ON THE LOWER SECTION OF A WINDOW. A LENGTH OF WIRE HANGS ACROSS FROM SIDE TO SIDE WHERE HOLES HAVE BEEN BORED TO BY-PASS THE ELECTRICAL CIRCUIT OF THE BURGLAR ALARM. A.LIGHT CROWBAR IS INSERTED UNDER THE WINDOW AND BEGINS TO LIFT. THERE IS A SLIGHT NOISE.

CUT TO WIDER SHOT. IT IS LONELY DOING THE JOB. HE STILLS IN HORROR, BLINKS, WIPES HIS FOREHEAD, LIFTS A LITTLE FURTHER, PEEPS IN, GETS UP.

CUT TO GARDEN BELOW LOW PORCH LONELY IS ON TOP OF. A SHORT ROPE LADDER HANGS DOWN. AT THE BOTTOM OF IT STANDS A TENSE CALLAN. LONELY APPEARS ON THE ROOF, GETS A FOOTING ON THE LADDER AND SCRAMBLES DOWN. HE NODS TO CALLAN.

CALLAN: (WHISPER) Thanks, mate. Off you go.

LONELY: Mind the wire. (CALLAN NODS) And gawd 'elp yer.

HE SCUTTLES OFF.
CALLAN GETS A GRIP ON THE ROPE, THEN LOOKS OVER TO SOME BUSHES. VAGUELY WE MAKE OUT MERES. CALLAN SCRAMBLES UP, GETS ONTO THE ROOF, MOVES IN A CROUCH

TO THE WINDOW, GENTLY RAISES IT,
LOOKS IN, CLIMBS IN.

SCENE 32. STUDIO. INT. LAO TSUNG'S ROOM. NIGHT

THE ROOM IS IN DARKNESS EXCEPT FOR THE POOL OF LIGHT FROM THE WORKING LAMP LAO TSUNG IS USING AT HIS DESK.. HE IS WORKING THROUGH SOME PAPERS. THE MAIN DOOR EASES OPEN, BUT LAO TSUNG DOES NOT LOOK UP. IN THE SHAFT OF GENTLE LIGHT ENTERING THROUGH THE DOOR WE SEE CALLAN. HE ENTERS SILENTLY, CLOSES DOOR BEHIND HIM, BEGINS TO CROSS ROOM.

LAO TSUNG: (NOT LOOKING UP) Good evening. (CALLAN STILLS) Your name?

NO ANSWER.
SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO UP, STANDING BEHIND CALLAN, AT THE DOOR, ARE TWO CHINESE SECURITY MEN. BOTH HOLD GUNS. CALLAN SWINGS, THEN STILLS AS HE SEES THEM. HE TURNS BACK AND GRINS.

CALLAN: Didn't know it was going to be a party.

LAO: (SLIGHT SMILE) Your name?

CALLAN: Callan.

LAO: And you are a security man?

CALLAN: You seem to know, mate.

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LAO: We know your friend, who is waiting outside in the bushes.

CALLAN: Television cameras?

LAO: Eyes. And windows. Sit down, please.

HE INDICATES A CHAIR TO THE SIDE. CALLAN GOES TO IT AND SITS.

CALLAN: At times like this, you know, I do feel a fool.

LAO: We rather thought your people would try to do something to prevent an incident.

CALLAN: But you don't want it prevented.

LAO: We have our reasons,

CALLAN: Inscrutable oriental gentleman.

LAO LOOKS AT HIM WITH INTEREST.

LAO: But you are a member of the working class.

CALLAN: So?

LAO: Working for the capitalists. I find that interesting.

CALLAN: Don't let it bother you. I work for democracy. I like it better than your system.

LAO: Our government is democratic.

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CALLAN: And my foot's a wheelchair.

LAO: You have been misguided by a life-time of imperialist propoganda. We ought to discuss it.

CALLAN: I wish you wouldn't.

LAO: It might prove interesting.

CALLAN: I doubt it, mate. I'm prepared to accept that your sort of government suits you. But it wouldn't suit us.

LAO: I'm sure it would.

CALLAN: No, mate. We're all going the same way. Only you've had to jump from the sixteenth to the twentieth century in one go. Not pleasant. But you'll get over it.

LAO: (A MITE SURPRISED) You've been reading.

CALLAN: The Capitalist press.

LAO: Purveyors of propoganda.

CALLAN: Oh, leave it, mate. Leave it. Circular arguments get on my wick. Now you've got me, what you going to do?

LAO: We hope you'll remain as a guest - for a time, at least.

CALLAN: Till then?

LAO: Until whatever you've come to prevent happens.

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CALLAN: That won't leave you with a smile, I tell you.

LAO: Nonetheless, be our guest.

CALLAN: If you insist.

SCENE 33. EXT. BACK OF EMBASSY. NIGHT (FILM)

MERES COMES TO THE FOOT OF THE ROPE LADDER, LOOKS UP IN SOME CONCERN, THEN AT HIS WATCH, TURNS AWAY, NOT SURE WHAT TO DO.

SCENE 34. STUDIO. INT. HOLDER INNER OFFICE. NIGHT.

HOLDER, FELICE AND HENRY.

HOLDER: You've got everything?

HENRY: Check.

HOLDER: And you remember the route - round the back streets,

HENRY: Got it all, sir.

HOLDER NODS, SLIDES OPEN THE DRAWER OF HIS DESK, BRINGS OUT A REVOLVER, CHECKS IT, SLIDES IT INSIDE HIS COAT. HE DRAWS A DEEP BREATH.

HOLDER: Then we're ready.

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HE STRIDES ACROSS THE OFFICE, FELICE AND HENRY FOLLOWING.

SCENE 35. STUDIO. INT. HUNTER OFFICE. NIGHT

HUNTER IS FIDGETTING ABOUT HIS DESK, SMOKING A CIGAR. THE PHONE RINGS. HE REACHES OVER AND PUTS IT ONTO SPEAKER.

HUNTER: Yes?

MERES OOV AND DISTORT

MERES: Meres.

HUNTER: Well?

MERES: He got in alright, but he's been in there for half an hour, sir.

HUNTER: (PAUSE) You've no idea what's happened?

MERES: None, sir. I'm concerned about whether or not they'll know he's with us.

HUNTER: Alright, I'll get onto it. You'd better come back in.

MERES: Right.

RATTLE OF PHONE BEING PUT DOWN AT OTHER END.

HUNTER: Damn Callan and his wild schemes.

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HUNTER FLICKS ANPTHER SWITCH AND DIALS. CLIXK AND ANOTHER DISTORT VOICE FROM SPEAKER.

VOICE: Embassy of the Republic of China.

HUNTER: Lao Tsung, please.

VOICE: Who is calling?

HUNTER: British security.

VOICE: One moment.

A CLICK, THEN LAO'S VOICE ON DISTORT.

LAO: Good evening, British Security. Lao Tsung here.

HUNTER: Good evening, sir.

LAO: What can I do for you?

HUNTER: It's a little difficult.

AND INDEED IT LOOKS AS THOUGHT HE MIGHT RUPTURE HIMSELF WITH HUMILIATION.

HUNTER: We have reason to believe that one of our security men has.....strayed into your embassy.

LAO: Ah, that would be Mr. Callan.

HUNTER: We're a little concerned about him

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LAO: Oh, please don't be concerned. Mr. Callan is our guest for the moment. He'll be back - in due course.

HUNTER: Mr. Tsung -

LAO: Goodnight, British Security.

RATTLE OF PHONE. HUNTER TESTILY FLICKS THE SWITCH AT HIS END.

HUNTER: It's like asking if you can have your ball back.

SCENE 36. STUDIO. INT. LAO'S EMBASSY ROOM. NIGHT.

CALLAN IS STILL SEATED. THE GUARDS ARE THERE. LAO TSUNG HAS JUST PUT DOWN THE PHONE.

CALLAN: I suppose you were told what this was about?

LAO: In detail. By a Mr. Meres.

CALLAN: And you're still doing nothing about it?

LAO: That, of course, depends upon what you mean by 'doing nothing'.

CALLAN: All I can see is your sitting there waitin' for a bullet in the head.

LAO: We need an incident.

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CALLAN: That's just what you're going to get, mate.

LAO: We hope so.

CALLAN: Holder won't muck about.

LAO: Of course he won't. Odd, isn't it, that a fascist like him holds the same belief as Chairman Mao - 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun'.

CALLAN: (IRONY) Oh, very odd.

LAO: I find it interesting.

CALLAN: Good.

LAO: And here you sit - having lifted a rock, only to drop it on your own feet.

CALLAN: Oh, gawd.

LAO: You see, Mr. Callan, invasion of a foreign embassy is a considerable crime - with severe diplomatic repercussions. And if, as a result, someone is hurt in that embassy... You can imagine the furure for yourself. (A BUZZER SOUNDS ON HIS DESK, HE TURNS) Ah - Mr. Holder has arrived. This should interest you, Mr. Callan.

HE GESTURES TO THE GUARDS, WHO WITH-DRAW BEHIND A SIDE DOOR, LEAVING IT AJAR.

LAO: And please don't say anything. One of those guns is trained on you.

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CALLAN LOOKS SOUR.
LAO SITS AND WAITS. (NOTE THAT CALLAN HAS BEEN GIVEN A SEAT TO THE SIDE SO THAT HE IS NOT IMMEDIATELY VISIBLE TO ANYONE ENTERING)
CALLAN GLANCES AT THE SIDE DOOR, THEN WATCHFULLY BACK TO LAO, WHO NOW PRETENDS TO BE BUSY WITH PAPERS, PAUSE. SILENCE, THE DOOR OPENS QUICKLY AND HENRY ENTERS, GUN AT THE READY, POINTED AT LAO.

HENRY: Keep still.

LAO STARTS TO HIS FEET IN PRETE DED SURPRISE. HOLDER AND FELICE COME IN, FELICE CLOSING THE DOOR.

LAO: What is the meaning of this?

FELICE'S EYE IS CAUGHT BY CALLAN, SHE SWINGS ROUND.

FELICE: Callan. What are you doing here?

CALLAN: Trying to stop you.

HENRY: Another traitor.

FELICE: He must have come to warn them.

HOLDER HAS NOT ONCE TAKEN HIS EYES OFF LAO.

HENRY TAKES A QUICK GLANCE AT THE OUTRAGED LAO, THEN BACK TO CALLAN, THEN GRINS.

HENRY: And they wouldn't believe you.

CALLAN LOOKS, SAYS NOTHING.

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FELICE: There isn't much time.

HOLDER MOVES A LITTLE TO THE SIDE SO THAT HE CAN ADDRESS LAO AND STILL SORT OF KEEP AN EYE ON CALLAN.

HOLDER: (TO LAO) We've come to execute you.

LAO: Execute me? Why - what have I done?

HOLDER: You've treated the English race with contempt.

LAO: Never. I've done no such thing.

HOLDER: I've no time for argument. You are to be executed. In the name of British democracy. Henry!

HENRY: Right, sir.

HE IS ABOUT TO FIRE WHEN HIS EYE IS CAUGHT BY SOMETHING AT THE SIDE. IT IS THE TWO GUARDS ENTERING. AT THE SAME TIME FELICE SCREAMS.

FELICE: Look out!

AND EVERYTHING MOVES AT ONCE.
FELICE JUMPS BACK AGAINST THE DOOR.
HOLDER AND HENRY SWING AND MOVE TO THE SIDE AT THE SAME TIME.
THE GUARDS BEGIN TO FIRE.
CALLAN LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM, YANKING OUT HIS GUN AS HE GOES. REACHES LAO, PUSHES HIM SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR. THERE IS AN EXCHANGE OF SHOTS, AND SUDDENLY THERE IS SILENCE.

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ONE OF THE GUARDS IS WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER. HOLDER AND HENRY LIE DEAD. FELICE LOOKS AT THEM AGHAST THEN FALLS TO KNEEL BESIDE HOLDER'S BODY.

FELICE: Gordon! Gordon!

LAO TSUNG GETS TO HIS FEET AND LOOKS AT CALLAN, WHO STILL HOLDS HIS GUN.

LAO: Thank you for defending me.

HE GLANCES ABOUT THE ROOM.

LAO: More or less as I had hoped. (HE PRODUCES A GUN AND POINTS IT AT CALLAN) Put down your gun, please. (CALLAN GIVES HIM A PUZZLED LOOK AND PUTS THE GUN ON THE DESK) (IN CHINESE TO THE INJURED GUARD) Pick it up.

THE GUARD MOVES ACROSS

LAO: (CHINESE) In a handkerchief.

THE GUARD TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF AND PICKS UP CALLAN'S GUN.

CALLAN: What's all this?

LAO: (IMPASSIVE) We're going to put one bullet from your gun into each of these bodies, then turn you over to the police. We will have fired in self defence. The question will be, why did you? And we shall say, because you defected to us. That should cause a considerable stir.(TO THE GUARD IN CHINESE) Shoot them again.

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THE GUARD CROSSES TO HENRY FIRST AND RAISES THE GUN, STILL HELD IN THE HANDKERCHIEF. CALLAN AND LAO WATCH. FELICE STILL SOBS OVER HER DEPARTED GORDON. THE GUARD AIMS AND PULLS THE TRIGGER. THERE IS ONLY A CLICK.

CALLAN: It's not loaded. (TURNS TO LAO) Boss's orders. Didn't want anybody hurt.

LAO: But you had it in your hand.

CALLAN CROSSES TO THE GUARD AND GENTLY TAKES THE GUN FROM HIM.

CALLAN: Force of habit.

HE POCKETS THE GUN

LAO: I think you'd better -

CALLAN: Before you try anything else, I'd better tell you something. Last night I was seen to be attacked by two men. Short men. Then my unconscious body was dragged into a car. Then that car was driven to the Chinese embassy. Since when nobody's seen me. (HE BEGINS TO HELP FELICE TO HER FEET. SHE HIDES HER FACE IN HER HANDS) The report of that is with the police. If I'm not out of here in about ten minutes it'll be released to the press. Get it? (LAO LOOKS CAREFULLY AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN NODS BRIEFLY) Can we go now?

LAO: I regret that a man of your calibre is an imperialist lackey.

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CALLAN: T'is a shame, yeah. Still... Come on, miss. (HE STEERS FELICE TO THE DOOR. AS HE OPENS IT HE GLANCES BACK AT LAO) It's a game, though, i'n it?

GOES

ENDS

UP THEME MUSIC

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